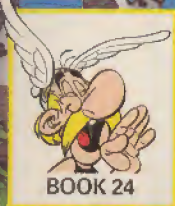


HODDER-DARGAUD PRESENTS



TEXT: GOSCINNY  
DRAWINGS: UDERZO

# Asterix

## in CORSICA



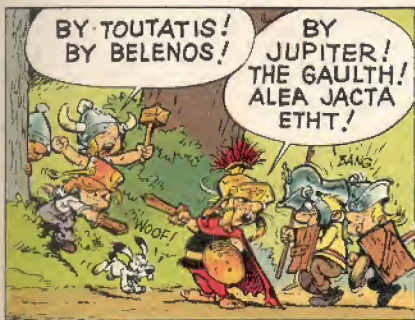


WATCH OUT!  
HERE COMES THE  
ROMAN PATROL!



BY TOUTATIS!  
BY BELENOS!

BY JUPITER!  
THE GAULTH!  
ALEA JACTA  
ETHT!



THESE ROMANS  
ARE CRAZY!  
THESE ROMANS  
ARE CRAZY!

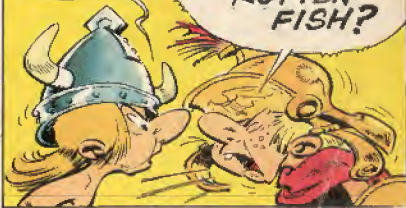


THITH ITH  
TOO MUCH! WHY  
ITH IT ALWAYS  
UTH WHO HAVE  
TO BE THE  
ROMANTH?



WE DREW LOTS,  
DIDN'T WE? YOU  
JUST WANT TO  
CHEAT, LIKE YOUR  
DAD SELLING HIS  
ROTTEN FISH!

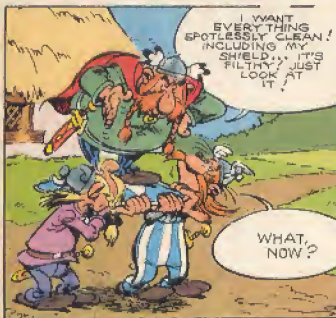
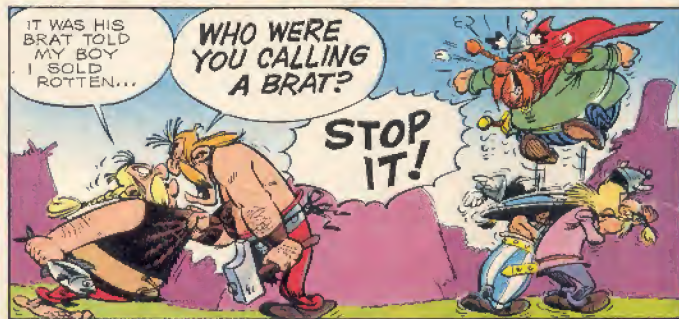
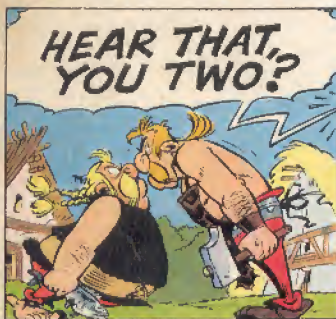
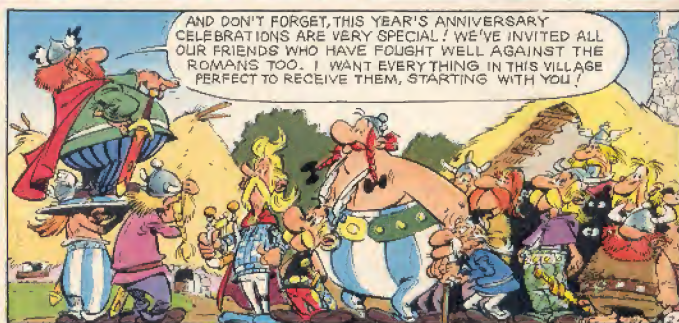
WHO THAYTH  
MY DADDY  
THELLTH  
ROTTEN  
FISH?



GO AND  
PLAY NICELY  
SOMEWHERE  
ELSE  
CHILDREN!









IN THE FORTIFIED ROMAN  
CAMP OF TOTORUM...

RIGHT!  
EVERYONE  
READY?



AND ABOUT TIME TOO!  
FORWARD MARCH... AND  
IN SILENCE, PLEASE.



I'M ON A MISSION,  
CENTURION. WE'VE COME  
A LONG WAY. I WANT  
SHELTER FOR THE  
NIGHT BEFORE  
WE CONTINUE  
OUR JOURNEY.

THE FACT  
IS... WE  
WERE JUST  
GOING OUT.



HOW MANY OF  
YOU?  
WHERE?

ER... ALL OF  
US. GOING ON  
MANOEUVRES  
IN THE  
HINTERLAND.



YOU MEAN  
YOU'RE LEAVING  
THE CAMP UN-  
GUARDED?

ER...  
SORT  
OF...

ARE WE OFF,  
CENTURION?

WHAT ARE  
WE WAITING  
FOR, BY  
JUPITER?

TIME'S  
GETTING  
ON!



WELL, I'M  
AWFULLY  
SORRY AND  
ALL THAT...  
GIVE US A  
SLAB IN  
ADVANCE.  
ANOTHER TIME.  
AWE, WE'RE  
OFF.

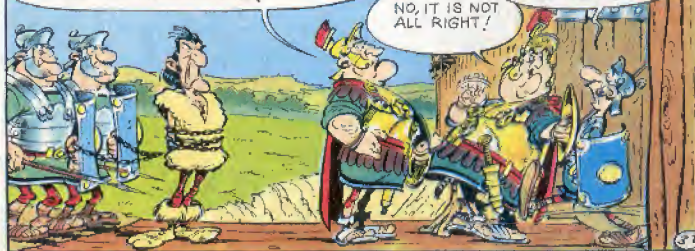
**NO  
ONE'S OFF  
ANY-  
WHERE!**



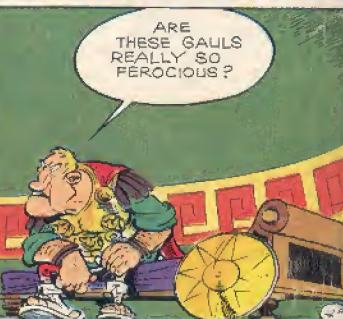
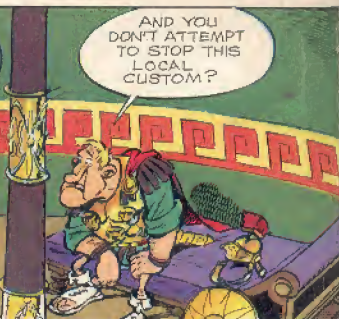
I AM ON A SPECIAL MISSION FROM PRAETOR  
PERFIDUS, GOVERNOR OF CORSICA, AND  
I DEMAND AN EXPLANATION OF THIS  
SUSPICIOUS HASTE!

LISTEN, CENTURION HIPPOPOTAMUS,  
IF YOU DON'T MIND WE'LL GO ON  
AHEAD AND YOU JOIN US LATER.  
ALL RIGHT?

NO, IT IS NOT  
ALL RIGHT!









THE FIRST GUESTS ARE ARRIVING AT THE LITTLE GAULISH VILLAGE...



PETITSUIX!

I'VE BROUGHT YOU A HELVETIAN CHEESE.



HUEVOS Y BACON!

¡OLE, HOMBRES, OLE!

¡DOGMATIX!



INSTANTMIX! YOU'VE COME ALL THE WAY FROM ROME!

I JUST HAD TO HEAR THE SOUND OF YOUR VOICE AGAIN!



ANTICLIMAX! MYKINGDOMFORANOS! O'VEROPTIMISTIX! MCANIX! DIP-SOMANIX!

I SAY, OLD BOY, THIS IS SIMPLY MARVELLOUS, WHAT? GOOD TO SEE YOU, COUSIN ASTERIX!



JELLIBABIX FROM LUGDUNUM! DRINKLIKAFIX FROM MASSILIA! SENIORSERVIX FROM GESOCRIBATUM!



WINESANSPIRIX THE ARVERNIAN!

REMEMBER HOW WE DIBOLED CAESAR OUT OF THE CHIEFTAIN'S SHIELD?



WHAT A PRETTY DRESS!

YES, IT'S MADE OF OUR OWN \*LUGDUNUM SILK.

\*LYONS



I'M ENJOYING BEING LIONISED LIKE THIS TOO.

¡HOMBRE! I USE OLIVE OIL FOR ALL MY COOKING!

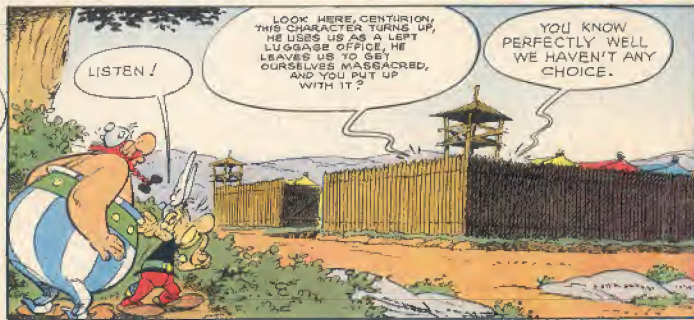
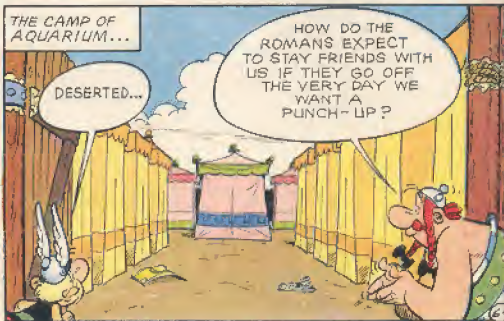
YOU DON'T SAY! FANCY THAT! I USE BOILING WATER. IT GIVES EVERYTHING A LOVELY FLAVOUR, DON'T YOU KNOW?

REMEMBER HOW WE BOWLED THOSE ROMANS OVER IN MASSILIA?

HAHAHAHA!

REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE EATING HOLES IN CHEESE IN THAT GENEVA BANK VAULT?



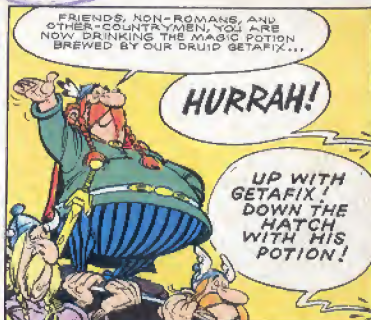






TOTORUM?  
SPLENDID! I'LL  
GO AND TELL  
OUR GUESTS.

HEEL,  
DOGMATIX!



**HURRAH!**

UP WITH  
GETAFIX!  
DOWN THE  
HATCH  
WITH HIS  
POTION!



YOU'LL SOON NOTICE ITS EFFECTS.  
WE'RE GOING TO ATTACK THE ROMAN  
CAMP OF TOTORUM BEFORE  
DINNER. A LITTLE PUNCH-  
UP BY WAY OF AN  
APERITIF.

PUNCH-  
UP!

I'M PLEASED  
AS  
PUNCH!

THAT'S THE  
TICKET!



TICKETY-BOO, EH?

TICKETY  
WHAT?

THIS IS  
WHAT MAKES US  
TICK.



AH,  
PUNCHING  
ROMANS!  
THEY'RE  
THE  
TICKET!

NOT  
A BAD  
PUNCH  
LINE.

AND DON'T  
BE BACK TOO  
LATE. ROMANS  
CAN WAIT, BUT  
ROAST BOAR  
CAN'T.



DO YOU LIKE  
OYSTERS? THE THING ABOUT  
OYSTERS IS, THE LITTLE  
ONES ARE THE BEST!

?

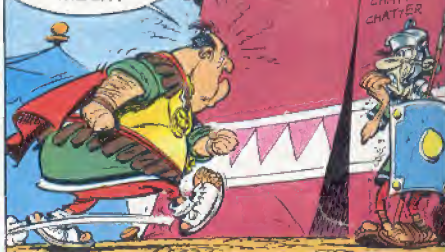


AN ARMED VIGIL IS IN  
PROGRESS AT  
TOTORUM ...

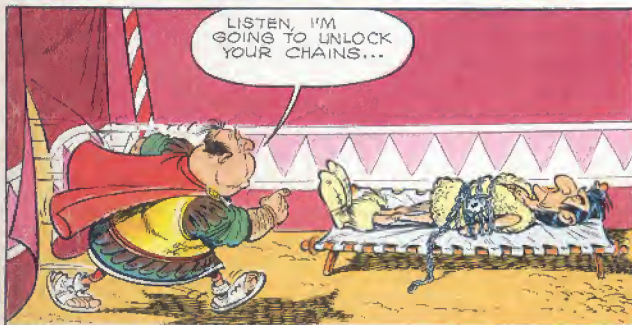
...AND THERE'LL BE THE GREAT  
BIG BRUTE, AND THE DREADFUL  
LITTLE MIDGET, ALL STUFFED WITH  
MAGIC POTION, AND THEY WON'T  
LIKE IT WHEN THEY SEE WE'VE  
GOT A PRISONER  
EITHER...



OH NO, BY  
JUPITER! THIS  
IS TOO  
MUCH!



LISTEN, I'M  
GOING TO UNLOCK  
YOUR CHAINS...



IF THEY RECAPTURE  
YOU, YOU MUST  
PROMISE TO SAY  
YOU ESCAPED ON  
YOUR OWN AND NO  
ONE HELPED YOU...  
DON'T ASK WHY  
I'M DOING THIS  
FOR YOU...



YOU CAN  
GO! YOU'RE  
FREE!



I SAID : YOU  
CAN GO! YOU'RE  
FREE!



LISTEN, WILL  
YOU? YOU'RE FREE!  
YOU CAN GO!



AFTER  
MY  
SIESTA.

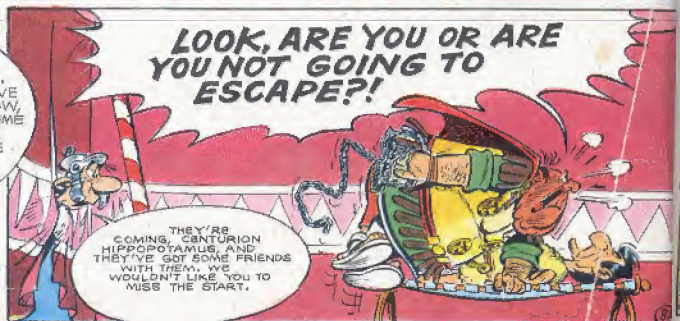
WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN,  
AFTER YOUR  
SIESTA?

IT'S  
GETTING  
LATE, ROMAN.  
IF I DON'T HAVE  
MY SIESTA NOW,  
I SHAN'T HAVE TIME  
TO HAVE IT BEFORE  
BEDTIME, SO LEAVE  
ME ALONE OR I  
MIGHT LOSE MY  
TEMPER.

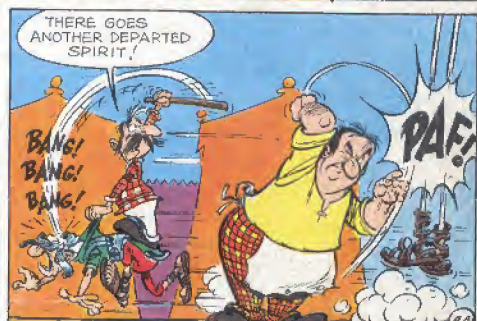
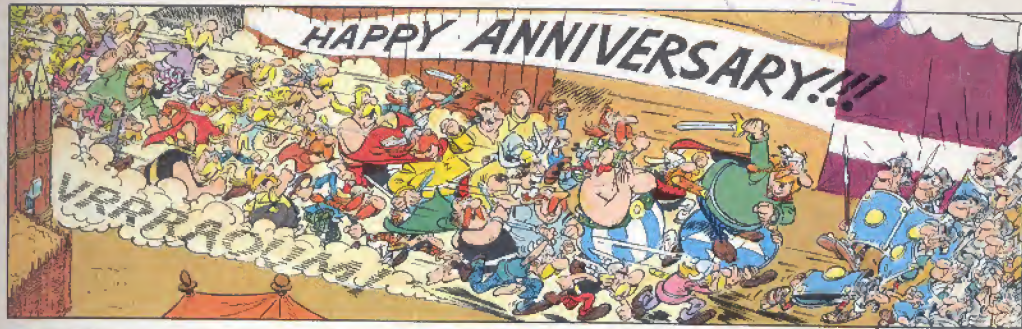


LOOK, ARE YOU OR ARE  
YOU NOT GOING TO  
ESCAPE?!

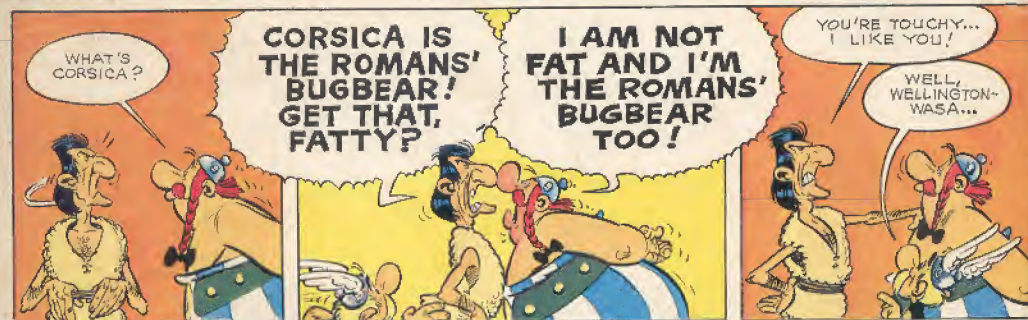
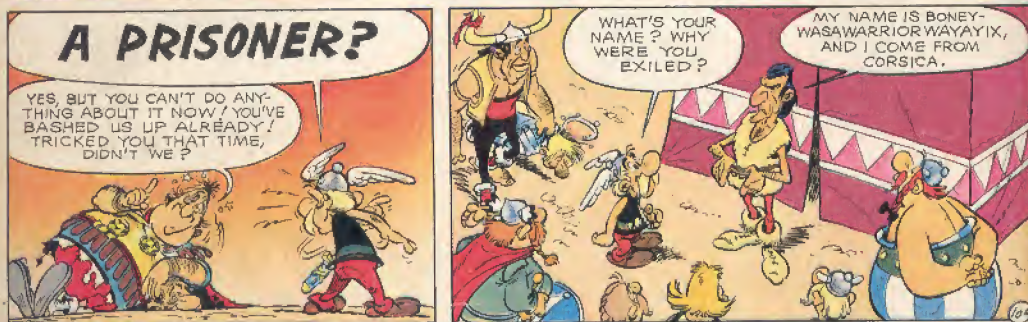
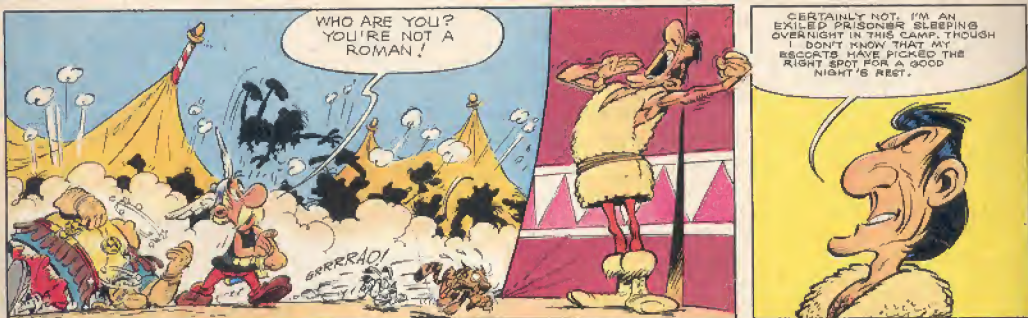
THEY'RE  
COMING, CENTURION  
HIPPOPOTAMUS, AND  
THEY'VE GOT SOME FRIENDS  
WITH THEM. WE  
WOULDN'T LIKE YOU TO  
RUSS THE START.













DON'T YOU LIKE BOAR,  
BONEY WAS A WARRIOR  
WAYAYIX?

FUNNY THAT MAN'S NAME  
INSPIRES ME. I'VE GOT AN  
IDEA FOR A SONG...  
MAYBE A  
SHANTY...



YES, I LIKE BOAR  
... BUT I CAN SEE  
YOU'RE JUST  
OFFERING IT TO  
ME OUT OF  
PITY.

NOT A  
BIT OF  
IT!

IF YOU DON'T  
WANT IT, I'LL  
TAKE IT OFF  
YOUR HANDS...

I HAVE UPSET  
YOU, YOU'RE  
PROUD AND  
TOUCHY, I LIKE  
YOU, LITTLE  
MAN.

VERY WELL, I'LL EAT THIS BOAR.

YOU'VE UPSET  
ME NOW ALL  
RIGHT!

TELL US  
ABOUT YOUR COUNTRY,  
WARRIORWAYAYIX.

CORSICA IS A ROMAN PROVINCE  
GOVERNED BY A PRAETOR  
APPOINTED ANNUALLY. DURING HIS  
YEAR IN OFFICE, THE PRAETOR  
RANSACKS CORSICA, CLAIMING  
TO BE LEVYING TAXES, BUT HE  
REALLY WANTS TO BE IN  
JULIUS CAESAR'S GOOD  
BOOKS WHEN HE RETURNS  
TO ROME.

FOR  
PITY'S  
SAKE,  
A  
BOAR!

BUT BEFORE THE  
PRAETOR LEAVES, I AND  
MY MEN GET BACK  
EVERYTHING HE HAD IN  
HIS WAREHOUSES,  
SO FAR CAESAR'S ONLY  
HAD PEANUTS OUT  
OF US... NOT EVEN  
ONE OF OUR CORNICAN  
CHESTNUTS.

THE PRESENT PRAETOR, PERFIDIOUS, IS THE  
GREEDIEST AND CRUELEST WE'VE HAD YET.  
AN ENEMY BETRAYED ME TO HIM AT  
SIESTA TIME, AND HE CONDEMNED ME TO  
THE WORST OF PUNISHMENTS: EXILE!  
BUT THANKS TO YOU, I  
SHALL BE BACK IN  
CORSICA BEFORE THE  
PRAETOR LEAVES,  
IN TIME TO GET  
BACK ALL THE  
LOOT HE'S  
STOLEN!

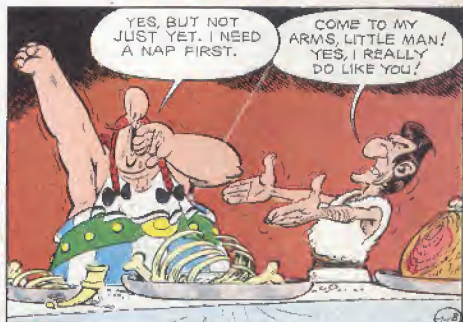
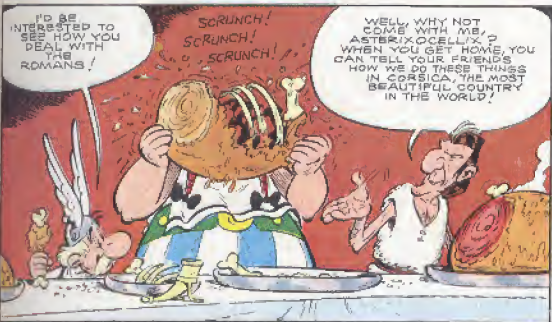
I'D BE  
INTERESTED TO  
SEE HOW YOU  
DEAL WITH  
THE  
ROMANS!

SCRUNCH!  
SCRUNCH!  
SCRUNCH!

WELL, WHY NOT  
COME WITH ME,  
ASTERIXOCCELLIX?  
WHEN YOU GET HOME, YOU  
CAN TELL YOUR FRIENDS  
HOW WE DO THESE THINGS  
IN CORSICA, THE MOST  
BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY  
IN THE WORLD!

YES, BUT NOT  
JUST YET. I NEED  
A NAP FIRST.

COME TO MY  
ARMS, LITTLE MAN!  
YES, I REALLY  
DO LIKE YOU!





RIGHT, THAT'S SETTLED! TOMORROW MORNING ASTERIX AND OBELIX WILL LEAVE FOR CORSIKA WITH YOU. WHEN THEY COME BACK THEY CAN TELL US WHAT METHODS YOU CORSIKANS USE, AND WHAT YOUR COUNTRY IS LIKE!



NEXT MORNING...

I SAY, OLD FRUIT, YOU DO A GOOD LINE IN PARTIES!

YES, MARVELLOUS PARTY LINE!

SUCH LIBERALITY! OUR TASTES ARE CONSERVATIVE, BUT YOU DIDN'T LABOUR IN VAIN!

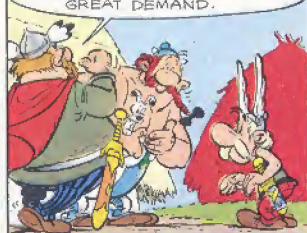


AND JUST WHY SHOULDN'T I TAKE HIM?

HERE WE GO AGAIN! BECAUSE HE'S TOO SMALL, THAT'S WHY!



WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU EVERYWHERE, BOYS. YOU'D BETTER LEAVE BEFORE THE ROMANS COME BACK. DON'T FORGET, OUR CORSIKAN FRIEND IS IN GREAT DEMAND.



GRUMBLE-GRUMBLE-GRUMBLE...

GNAGNAGNA GNAGNAGNA...



AND HERE'S A GOURD OF MAGIC POTION FOR YOU TOO, BONEYWASAWARRIOR-WAYAYIX. A USEFUL LITTLE GIFT AS A MEMENTO OF YOUR VISIT TO US.



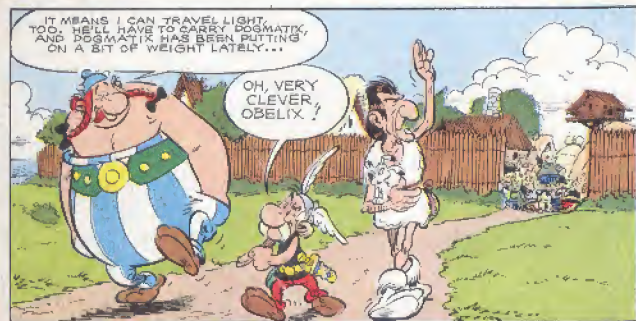
JUST A MINUTE! I'VE GOT A USEFUL LITTLE GIFT FOR YOU TOO!

A LITTLE DOG! I'M VERY FOND OF DOGS!

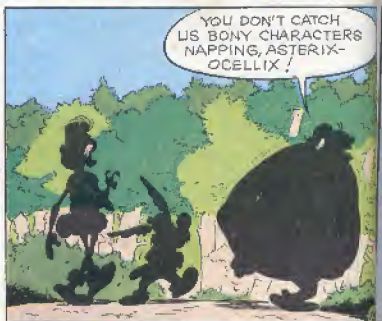


IT MEANS I CAN TRAVEL LIGHT, TOO. HE'LL HAVE TO CARRY DOGMATIX, AND DOGMATIX HAS BEEN PUTTING ON A LOT OF WEIGHT LATELY...

OH, VERY CLEVER, OBELIX!



YOU DON'T CATCH US BONY CHARACTERS NAPPING, ASTERIX-OCELLIX!



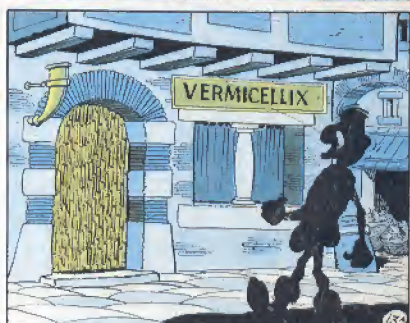




I MUST FIND A BOAT TO TAKE US TO CORSICA. I HAVE FRIENDS IN MASSILIA. WHO'LL HELP ME, BUT I'D BETTER GO ON MY OWN.



WE'LL MEET HERE IN AN HOUR'S TIME. HOLD THIS DOG FOR ME, I'M RATHER TIRED.



VERMICELLIX



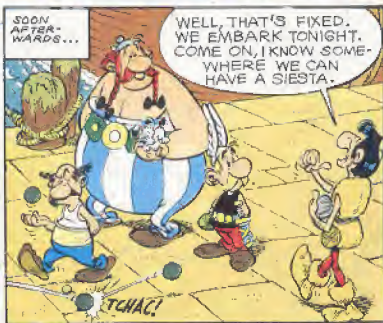
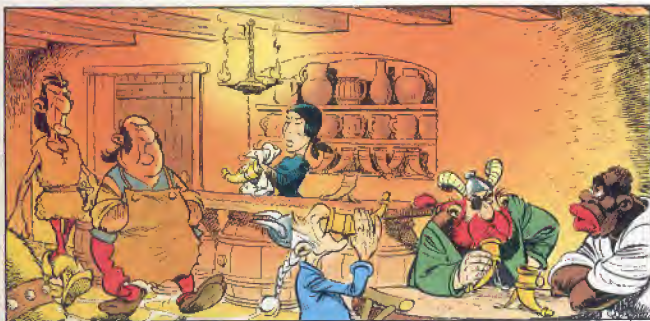
BONEY WAS A WARRIOR WAY AYIX, I AM BESIDE MYSELF WITH JOY.

VERMICELLIX, THE EIGHT OF YOU FILLS ME WITH PLEASURE.



MORTADELLA, LET'S HAVE SOME WINE AND SOME SAUSAGE, NOT THE STUFF WE GIVE THE CUSTOMERS.







THAT NIGHT...

WHO GOES THERE?

CORSICAN, WITH PIGEONS. CAN HE COME ON BOARD?

'COURSE HE CAN.

SEEMS WE'RE ON THE RIGHT COURSE...

SO IT DOES.

YOUR CABIN IS BETWEEN DECKS. YOU CAN GO TO BED NOW, WE'RE LEAVING AT ONCE.



RIGHT, ME HEARTIES, WE'RE FAR ENOUGH FROM SHORE NOW. LET'S PLUCK OUR THREE PIGEONS.

THEY'RE ASLEEP. GOOD! EXCELLENT, EX...

CAP'N! HE'P! CAP'N!

WHAT?

SSSH! ...LOOK! THE GAU... THE GAU....

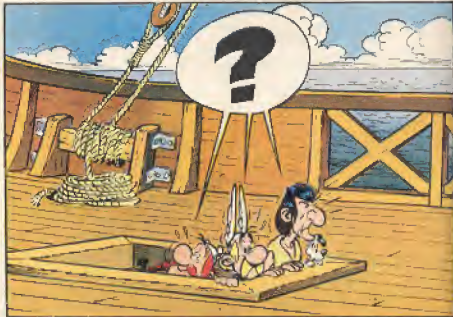
LOOK ON THIS JUST IS A MATTER OF COURSE, CAP'N! AFTER ALL, THEY DIDN'T WAKE UP, THERE'S ALWAYS THAT!

ERRARE HUMANUM EST,



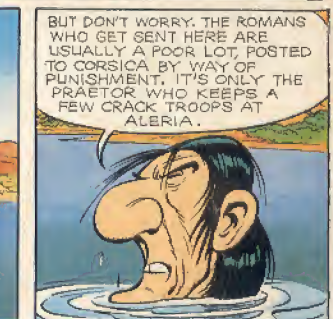
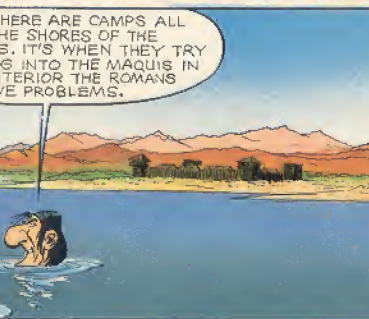
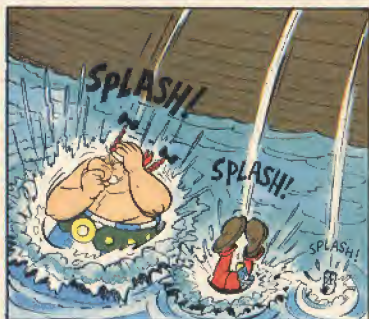
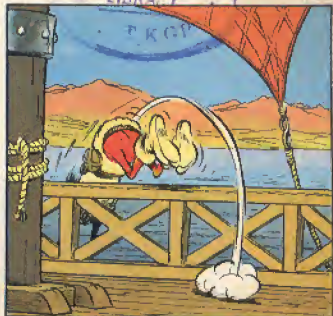
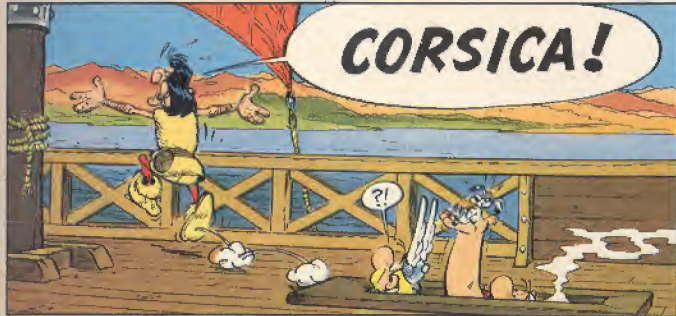


NEXT MORNING...

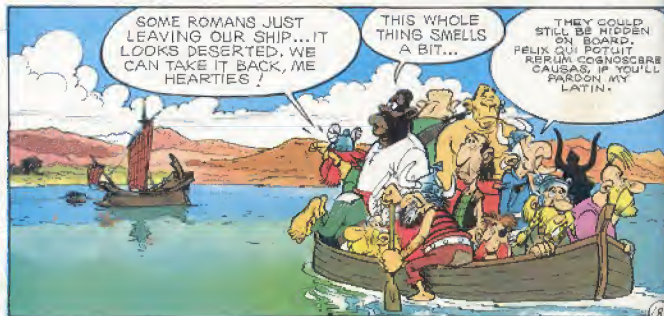
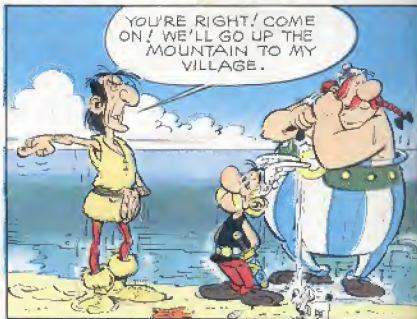
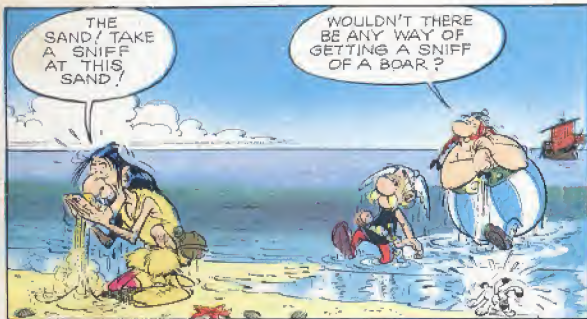




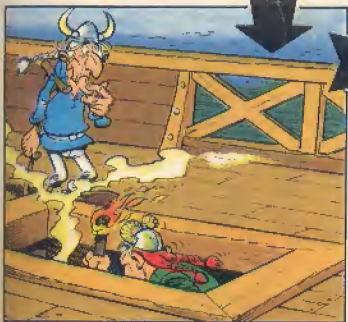
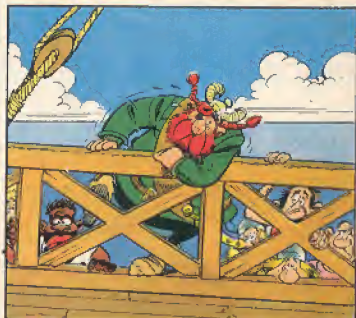
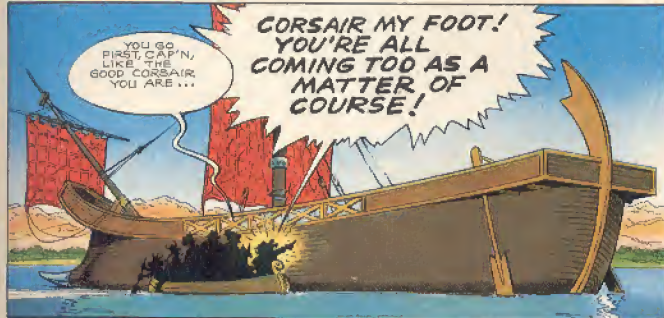
# CORSICA!



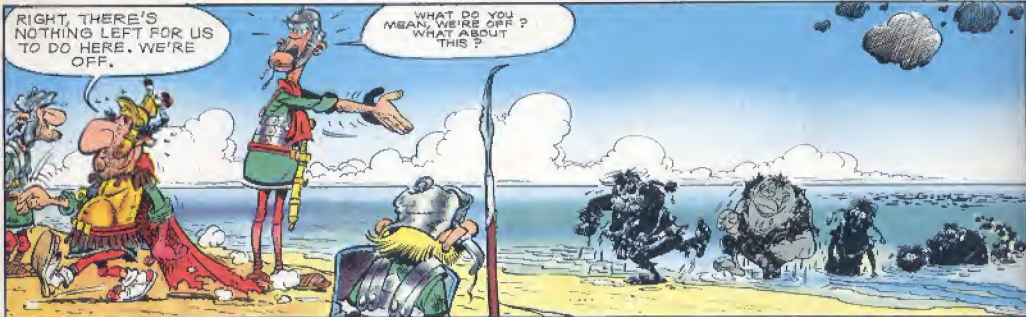










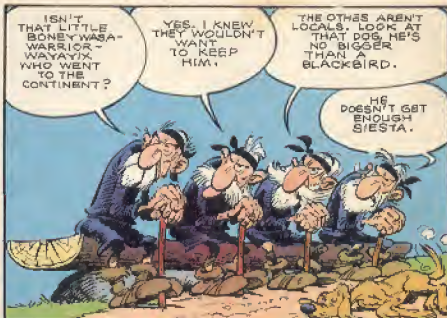






OH, LOOK!  
TAME BOARS!

NO, THOSE  
ARE WILD  
PIGS.



ISN'T  
THAT LITTLE  
BONEYWASA-  
WARRIOR-  
WAYAYIX  
WHO WENT  
TO THE  
CONTINENT?

YES, I KNEW  
THEY WOULDN'T  
WANT TO KEEP  
HIM.

THE OTHERS AREN'T  
LOCALS. LOOK AT  
THAT EGG. HE'S  
NO BIGGER  
THAN A  
BLACKBIRD.

HE  
DOESN'T GET  
ENOUGH  
SLEETA.



CHIEF BONEYWASA-  
WARRIORWAYAYIX!  
YOU'RE BACK!



PLEASED TO  
SEE YOU,  
CARFERRIX.

TO THINK WE  
JUST ABOUT TO  
HOLD ELECTIONS  
FOR A NEW CHIEF.  
THE BALLOT BOXES  
ARE ALREADY  
FULL.



YOU MEAN  
WE BALLOT  
BOXES ARE  
FULL BEFORE  
THE  
ELECTION'S  
HELD?

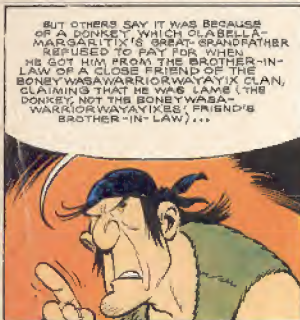
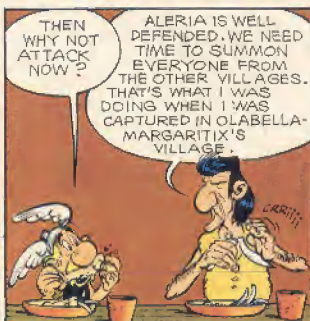
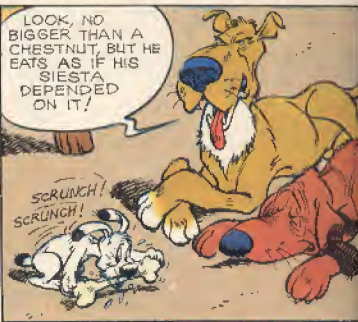
YES, BUT WE THROW  
THEM INTO THE SEA  
WITHOUT OPENING THEM,  
AND THEN THE  
STRONGEST MAN  
WINS. IT'S AN OLD  
CORSIKAN  
CUSTOM.



MEET  
ASTERIX, OBELIX  
AND DORMATIX.  
THEY'VE COME  
TO SEE HOW WE  
DEAL WITH THE  
ROMANS.

WHY NOT  
COME AND HAVE  
SOME WILD  
PIG AT MY  
PLACE?



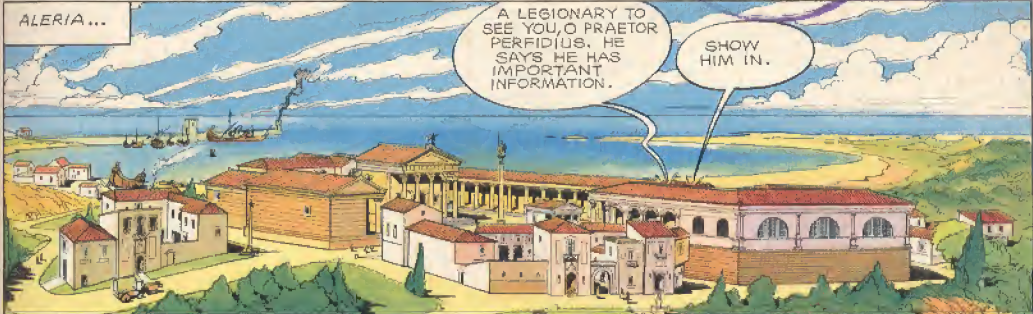




ALERIA...

A LEGIONARY TO  
SEE YOU, O PRAETOR  
PERFIDIUS. HE  
SAYS HE HAS  
IMPORTANT  
INFORMATION.

SHOW  
HIM IN.



AVE, PRAETOR!  
THIS MAN WANTS  
TO SPIN YOU A  
YARN.

NO, I DON'T!  
I'M AN HONEST  
SAILOR WORKING THE  
MASSILIA-CORSICA  
CROSSING...



I TOOK THREE PASSENGERS ON  
BOARD, AND BEFORE THEY DISAPPEARED  
THEY BLEW UP MY SHIP WITH AN  
INFERNO DEVICE IN THE FORM  
OF A CHEESE...

**A  
CORSICAN  
CHEESE?**



ANYWAY ONE  
OF THE  
PASSENGERS WAS  
CORSICAN... THEY  
CALLED HIM  
BONEYWASAWARRIOR  
PONTIDLYPYOM.

**WAYAYIX?!**



YES, THAT'S RIGHT. NOT  
PONTIDLYPYOM, WAYAYIX.  
THERE WERE TWO GAULS  
WITH HIM, TWO REAL  
THREATS TO SHIPPING  
WHO...

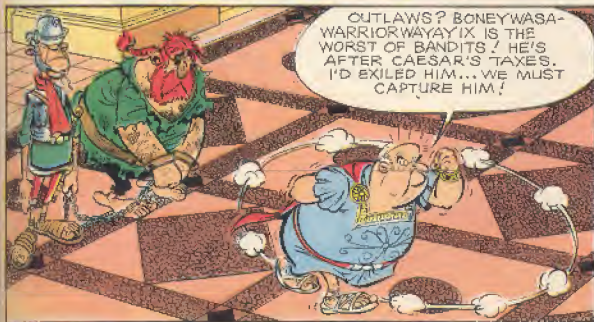
**WHERE  
DID THEY  
GO?**



I SAW THEM MAKE OFF  
INLAND, TOWARDS THE  
MOUNTAINS. I REQUEST THE  
HONOUR OF PARTICIPATING IN  
THE SEARCH IF THESE MEN  
ARE OUTLAWS.

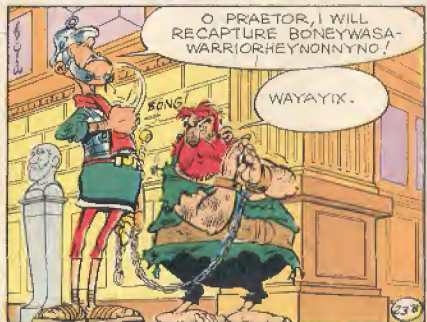


OUTLAWS? BONEYWASA-  
WARRIORWAYAYIX IS THE  
WORST OF CAEDITS! HE'S  
AFTER CAESAR'S TAXES.  
I'D EXILED HIM... WE MUST  
CAPTURE HIM!



O PRAETOR, I WILL  
RECAPTURE BONEYWASA-  
WARRIORHEYNONNYNO!

WAYAYIX.







YES, I VOLUNTEERED TO COME TO CORSICA. I HEARD CHANCES OF PROMOTION WERE GOOD.



RIGHT! I APPOINT YOU LEADER OF THE PATROL WHICH IS GOING AFTER THE BANDIT. HIS VILLAGE IS THE FIRST ON THE LEFT AS YOU GO UP THE VALLEY.

I'LL NEED SOME MEN.



EASY! TRUMPETER, BLOW THE CALL TO FETCH 'EM...



COME TO THE COOKHOUSE DOOR, BOYS!!!

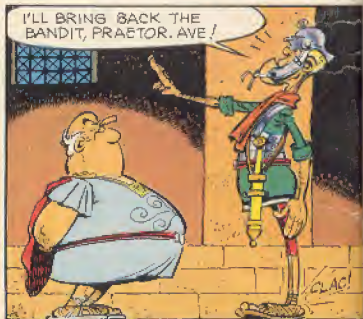


EXCELLENT! THE FIRST TEN MEN HAVE VOLUNTEERED TO GO AND RECAPTURE BONEY WASA WARRIOR WAYAYIX!



I TOLD YOU, YOU FOOL, DIDN'T I? WE'D ONLY JUST HAD A MEAL!

YOU WERE RIGHT FOOL, DIDN'T I? ...I HADN'T EVEN FINISHED EATING.

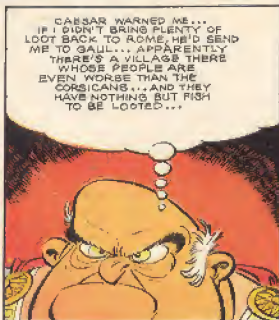


I'LL BRING BACK THE BANDIT, PRAETOR. AVE!



FORWARD MARCH, MEN!

I DOUBT IF YOU WILL BRING HIM BACK, YOU POOR FOOL... I SHALL HAVE TO PUT THE LOOT SOMEWHERE SAFE...

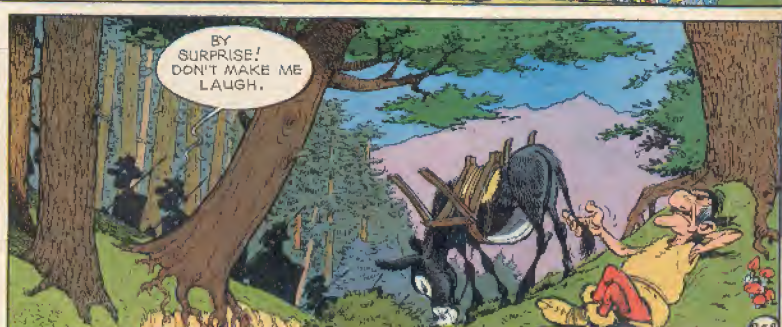


CAESAR WARNED ME... IF I DIDN'T BRING PLENTY OF LOOT BACK TO ROME, HE'D SEND ME TO GAUL... APPARENTLY THERE'S A VILLAGE THERE WHOSE PEOPLE ARE EVEN WORSE THAN THE CORSICANS... AND THEY HAVE NOTHING BUT FISH TO BE LOOTED...

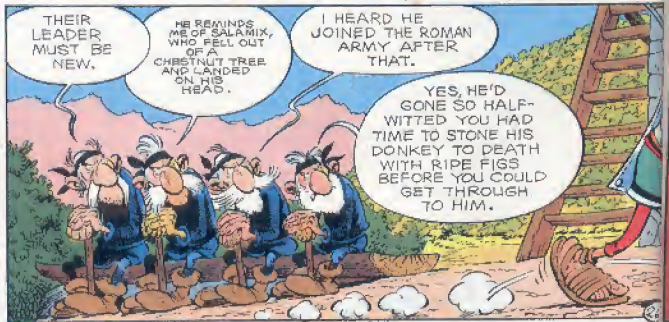
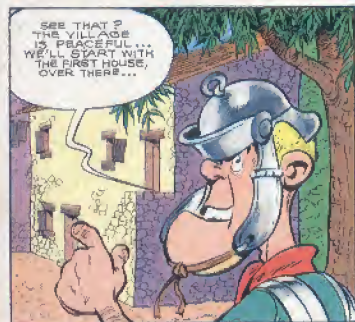
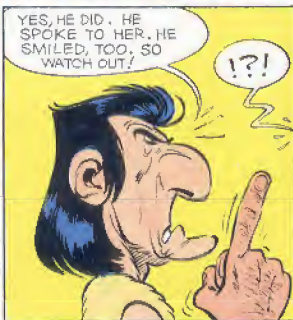
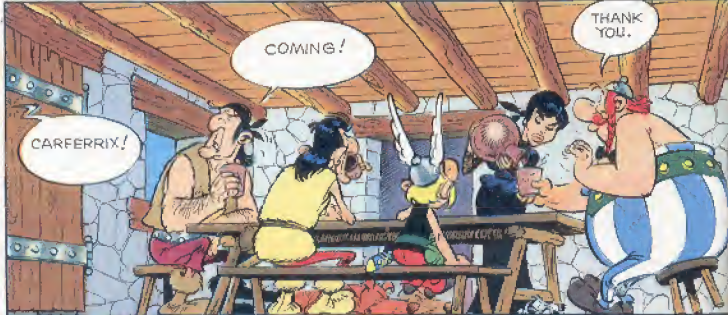
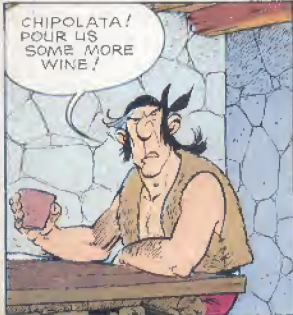


AND I'VE HEARD IT ISN'T ALWAYS PISH EITHER!





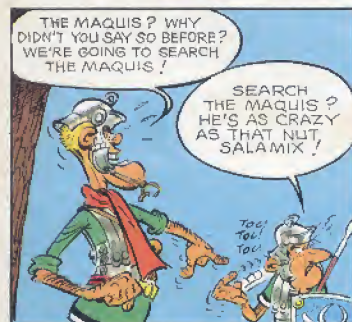
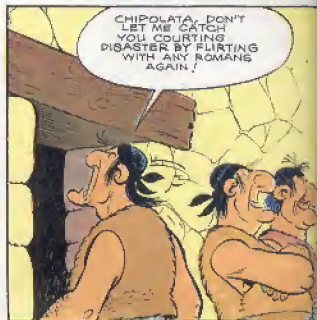
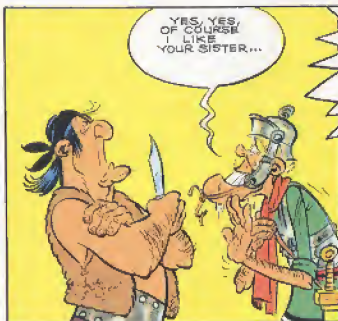




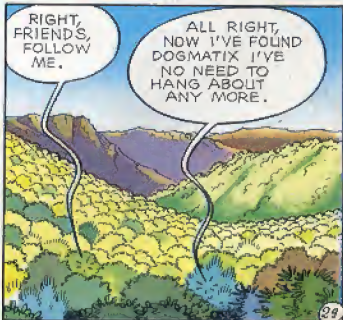
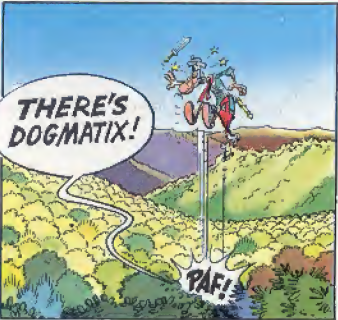
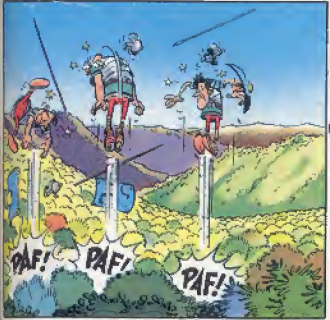
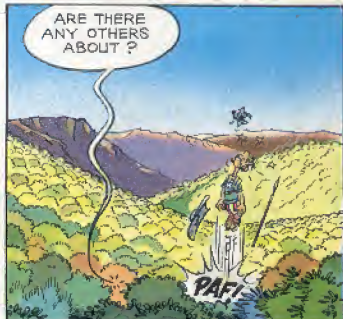
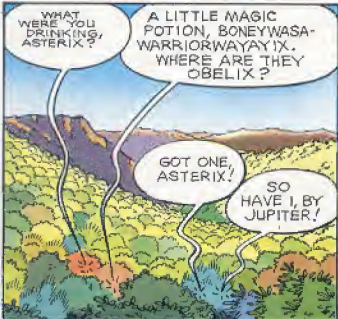
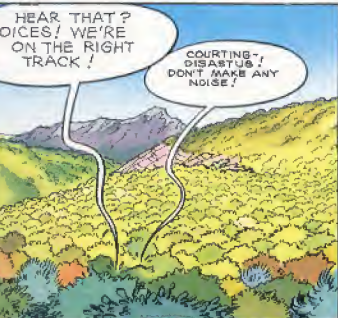
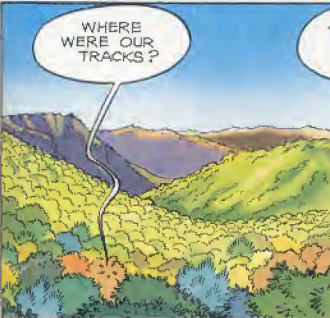
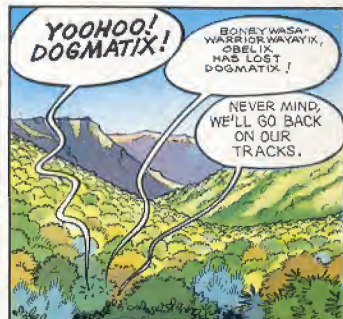
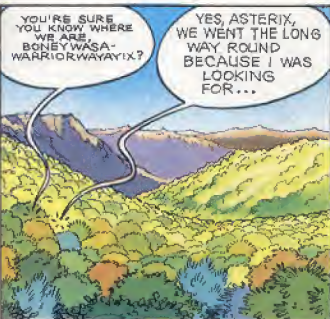




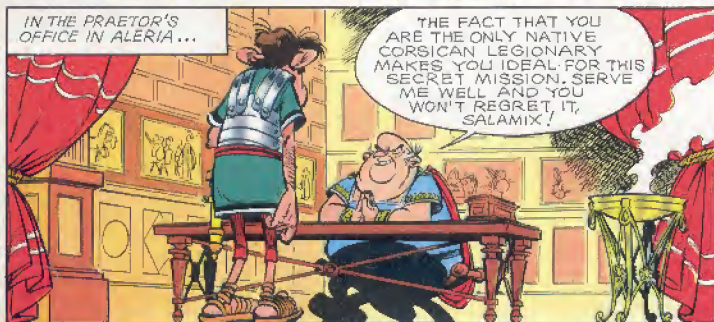
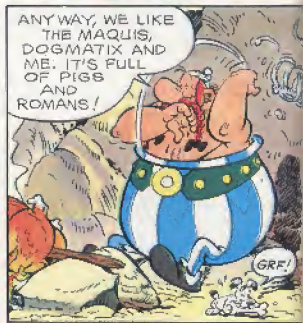
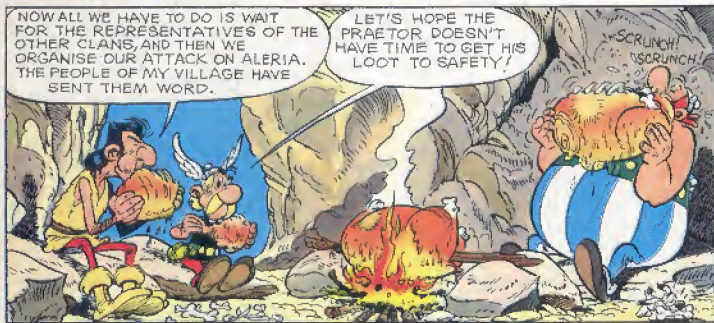
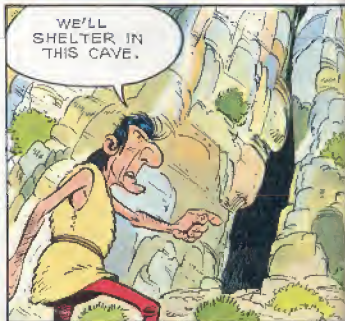
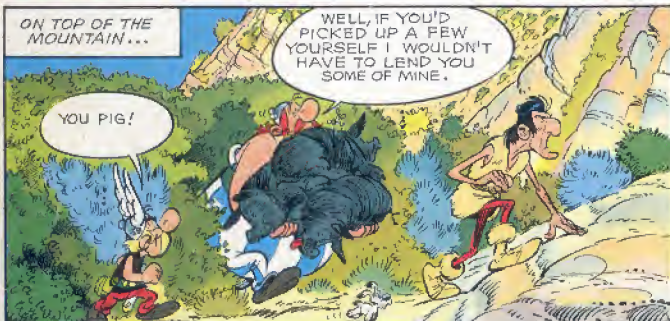
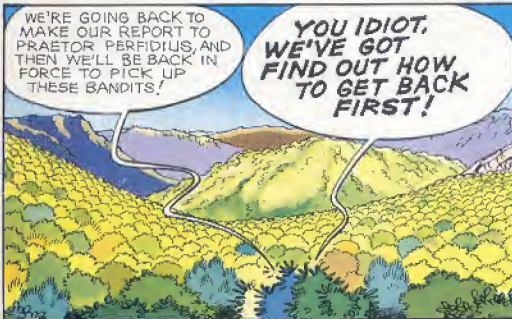










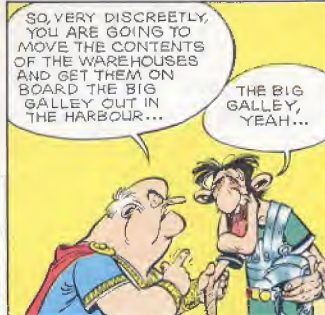






THE  
CORSICANS  
ARE GOING TO ATTACK  
ALERIA AND  
RAID THE  
WAREHOUSES...

YEAH?



SO, VERY DISCREETLY,  
YOU ARE GOING TO  
MOVE THE CONTENTS  
OF THE WAREHOUSES  
AND GET THEM ON  
BOARD THE BIG  
GALLEY OUT IN  
THE HARBOUR...

THE BIG  
GALLEY,  
YEAH...



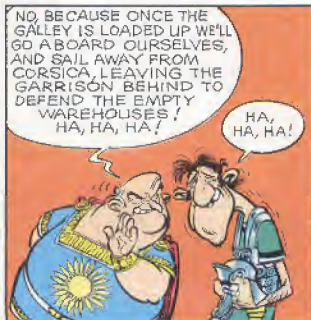
FOR THIS OPERATION  
YOU WILL EMPLOY  
THE CORSICAN  
PRISONERS NOW  
BUILDING THE ROMAN  
ROAD...

THE ROMAN  
ROAD, YEAH...



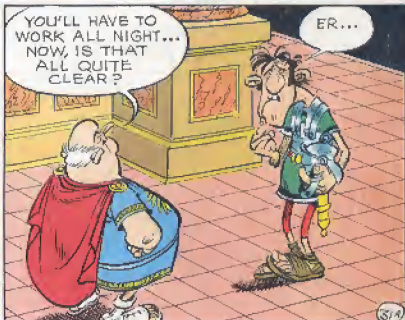
AS A REWARD FOR THEIR  
WORK, THE CORSICAN  
PRISONERS WILL BE SET  
FREE... BUT BE CAREFUL!  
I DON'T WANT THE  
GARRISON TO GET WIND  
OF THIS!

YOU  
DON'T?



NO, BECAUSE ONCE THE  
GALLEY IS LOADED UP WE'LL  
GO ABOARD OURSELVES,  
AND SAIL AWAY FROM  
CORSICA, LEAVING THE  
GARRISON BEHIND TO  
DEFEND THE EMPTY  
WAREHOUSES!  
HA, HA, HA!

HA,  
HA, HA!



YOU'LL HAVE TO  
WORK ALL NIGHT...  
NOW, IS THAT  
ALL QUITE  
CLEAR?

ER...

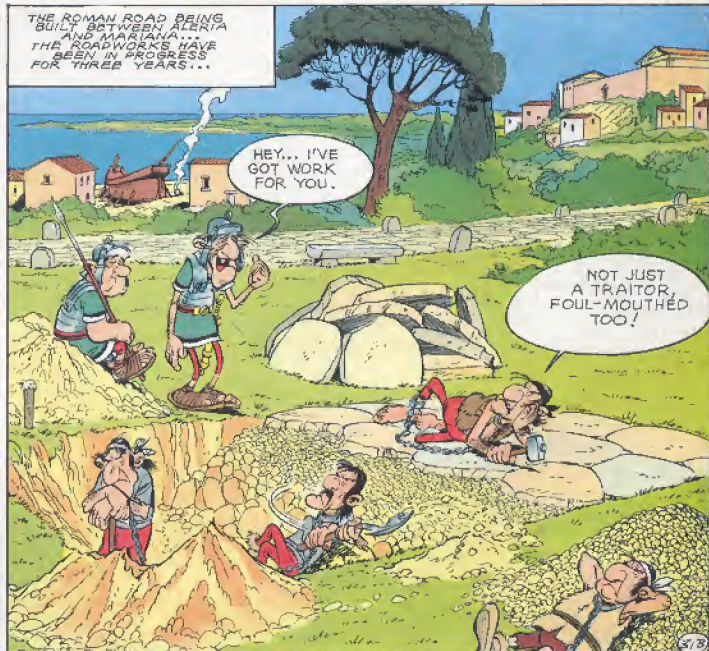


NO.



NEVER MIND! DO  
JUST AS I SAY, AND  
YOU'LL COME BACK  
TO ROME WITH ME,  
BE RICH AND  
RESPECTED.

YEAH?

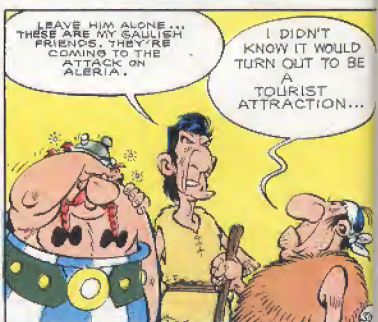
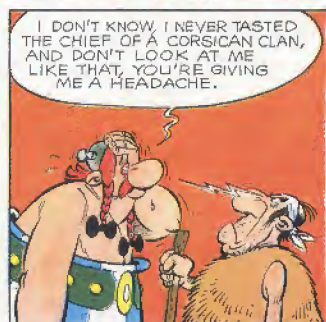
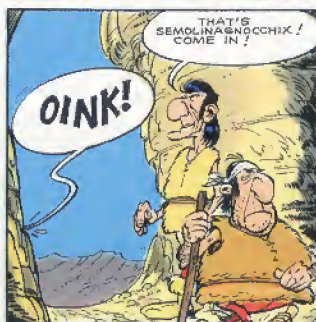
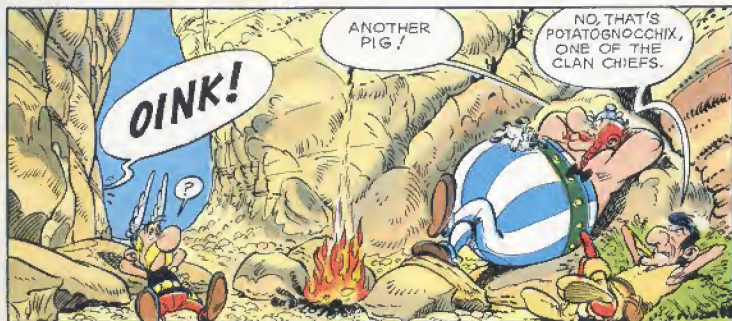


THE ROMAN ROAD BEING  
BUILT BETWEEN ALERIA  
AND MARIANA...  
THE ROADWORKS HAVE  
BEEN IN PROGRESS  
FOR THREE YEARS...

HEY... I'VE  
GOT WORK  
FOR YOU.

NOT JUST  
A TRAITOR,  
FOUL-MOUTHED  
TOO!

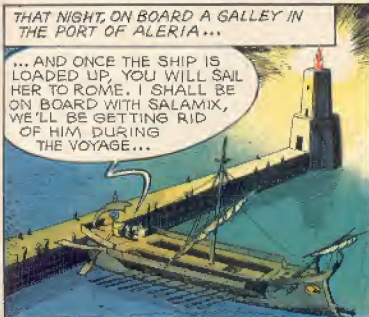






THAT NIGHT, ON BOARD A GALLEY IN THE PORT OF ALERIA...

... AND ONCE THE SHIP IS LOADED UP, YOU WILL SAIL HER TO ROME. I SHALL BE ON BOARD WITH SALAMIX, WE'LL BE GETTING RID OF HIM DURING THE VOYAGE...



IT ALL HAS TO BE DONE TONIGHT... THE GARRISON MUSTN'T KNOW I'M ABANDONING THEM. THEY WILL FIGHT, AND THUS COVER MY ESCAPE...

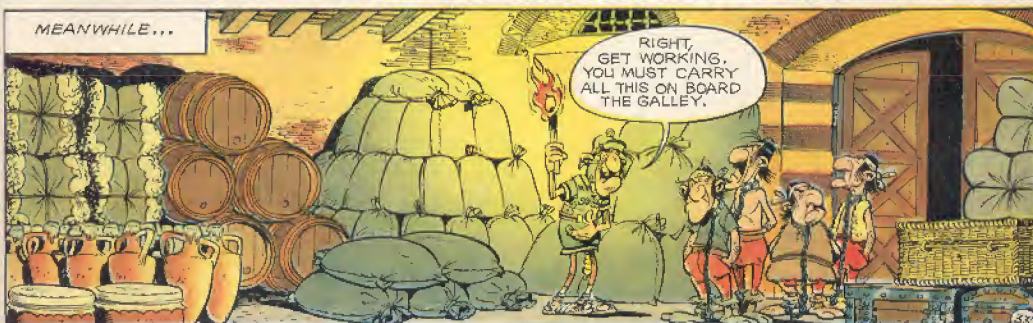


AND AFTERWARDS YOU'LL GIVE US THE SHIP AND SET US FREE? THAT'S A PROMISE?

WHAT REASON CAN YOU HAVE TO DOUBT MY GOOD FAITH?

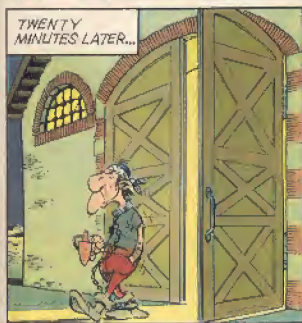


MEANWHILE...



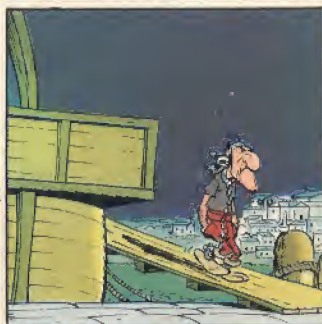
RIGHT, GET WORKING. YOU MUST CARRY ALL THIS ON BOARD THE GALLEY.

TWENTY MINUTES LATER...



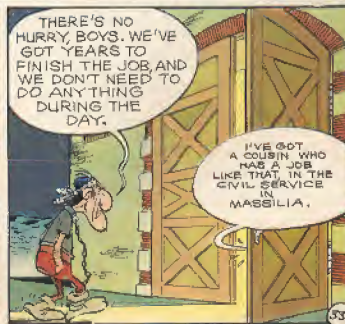
WHERE DO I PUT THIS?

AT THIS RATE IT'S GOING TO TAKE YEARS! AND WE HAVE TO STOP WORK AT DAYBREAK BECAUSE OF THE GARRISON!



THERE'S NO HURRY, BOYS. WE'VE GOT YEARS TO FINISH THE JOB AND WE DON'T NEED TO DO ANYTHING DURING THE DAY.

I'VE GOT A COUSIN WHO HAS A JOB LIKE THAT IN THE CIVIL SERVICE IN MASSILIA.





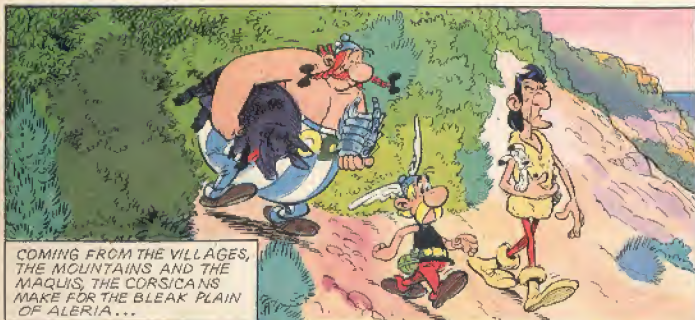
AT DAYBREAK...

LOOKS LIKE  
THE ROMANS  
WILL FIND OUR  
LADS TOUGH  
NUTS TO  
CRACK!

THAT'S A HOARY  
OLD CORSICAN  
CHESTNUT, LET'S  
GO AND SEE HOW  
THE YOUNG 'UNS  
CORE. DON'T  
SUPPOSE THEY'RE  
UP TO MUCH.

SHALL WE  
TAKE THE  
TREE  
TRUNK?

YOU'RE NUTTY,  
TORTLELIX!  
WE'LL ASK THE  
YOUNG 'UNS  
TO CUT ONE  
DOWN FOR US  
WHEN WE GET  
THERE.

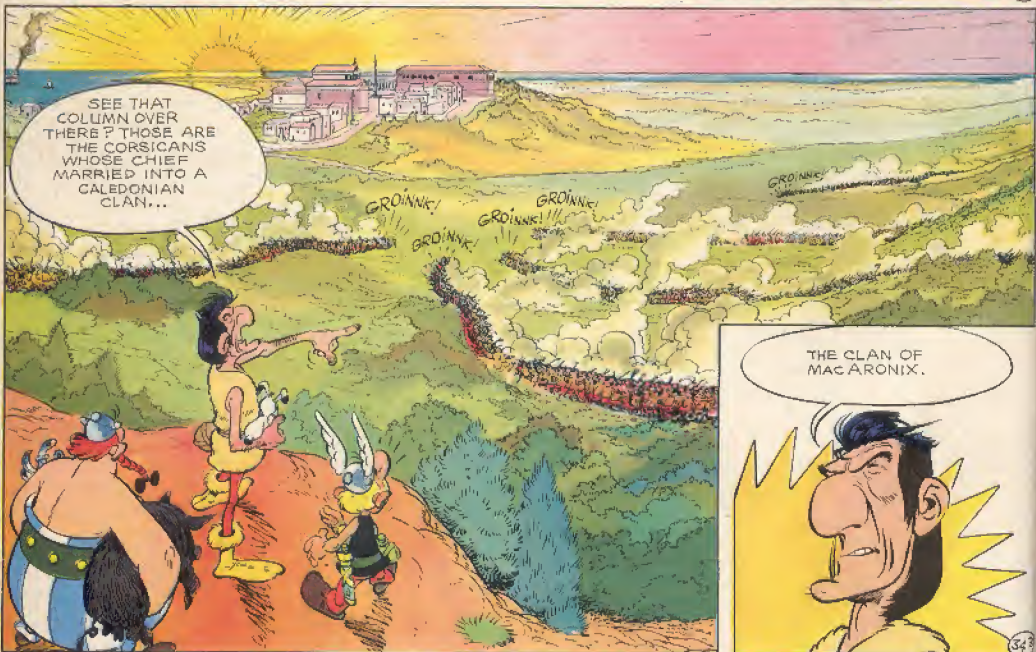


COMING FROM THE VILLAGES,  
THE MOUNTAINS AND THE  
MAQUIS, THE CORSICANS  
MAKE FOR THE BLEAK PLAIN  
OF ALERIA...



WHAT  
A LOT OF  
THEM!

YES, WE'RE FULL  
OF CLAN  
FEELING.

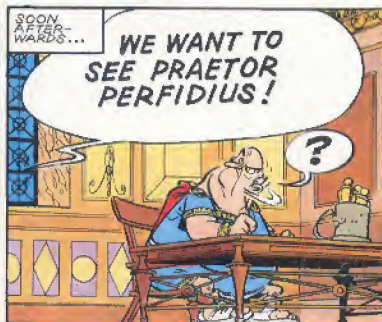


SEE THAT  
COLUMN OVER  
THERE? THOSE ARE  
THE CORSICANS  
WHOSE CHIEF  
MARRIED INTO A  
CALEDONIAN CLAN...

GROINK!  
GROINK!  
GROINK!  
GROINK!

THE CLAN OF  
MAC ARONIX.











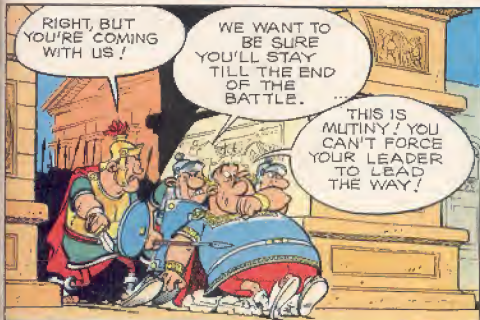
**RAISE THE ALARM!  
RAISE THE ALARM!  
CORSICANS! MASSES OF  
CORSICANS OUTSIDE  
THE TOWN!**



RIGHT, BUT  
YOU'RE COMING  
WITH US!

WE WANT TO  
BE SURE  
YOU'LL STAY  
TILL THE END  
OF THE  
BATTLE.

THIS IS  
MUTINY! YOU  
CAN'T FORCE  
YOUR LEADER  
TO LEAD  
THE WAY!



WELL, WELL!  
AND I THOUGHT  
THE CORSICANS  
WEREN'T  
GOING TO  
ATTACK?

**WE'LL DISCUSS  
ALL THAT LATER!  
WE MUST MAKE A  
SORTIE OR THEY'LL  
FORCE THEIR  
WAY IN!**



AH!  
ABOUT  
TIME  
TOO.

THESE THINGS  
NEVER START  
PUNCTUALLY.

I REMEMBER  
THE DAYS  
WHEN IT WAS  
A  
CONTINUOUS  
PERFORMANCE.

I DIDN'T  
KNOW THE  
PRAETOR  
WAS IN THE  
ACT TOO.



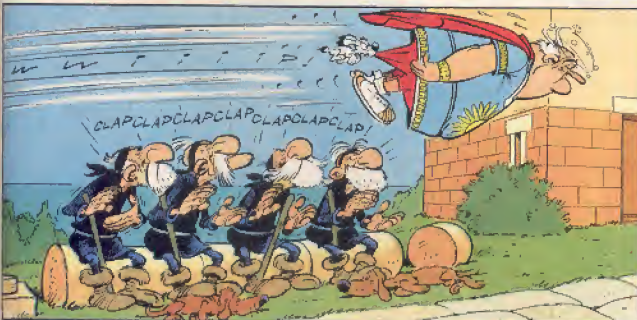
WHO...  
WHO ARE  
THOSE  
TWO?

I DON'T KNOW,  
BUT I'M NOT TOO  
KEEN ON BEING  
IN THE FRONT  
LINE!

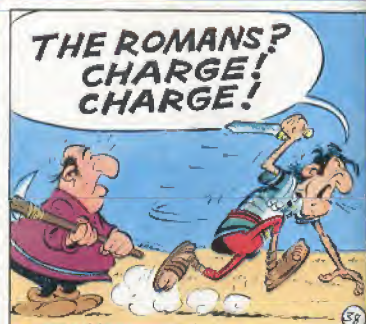
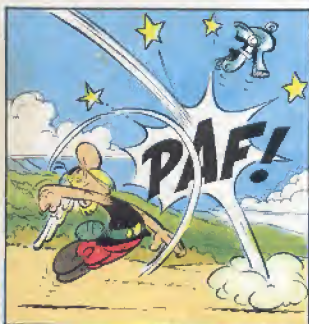
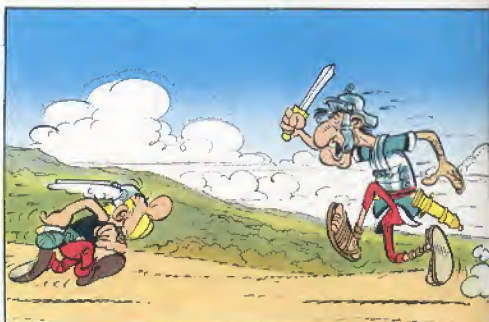
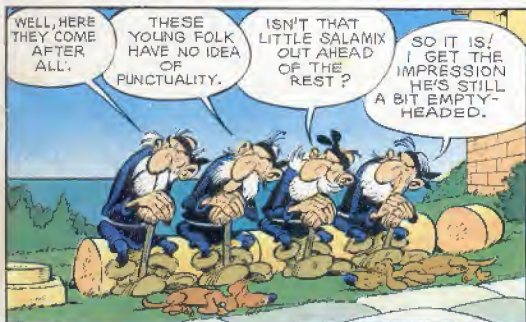


I BROUGHT THEM TO SHOW THEM  
WHAT WE CAN DO, AND NOW THEY'RE  
GIVING US A LESSON! AND THEY'RE  
FROM THE CONTINENT TOO!

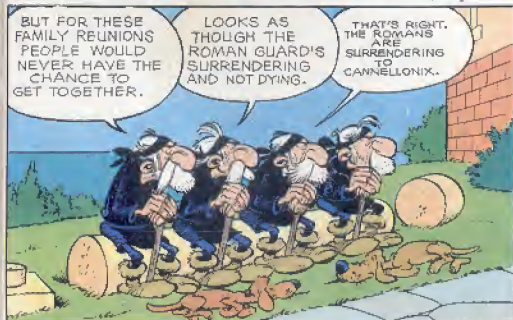
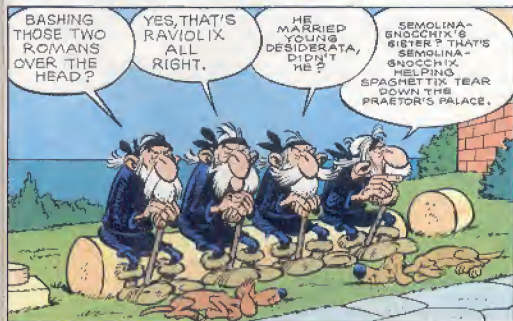
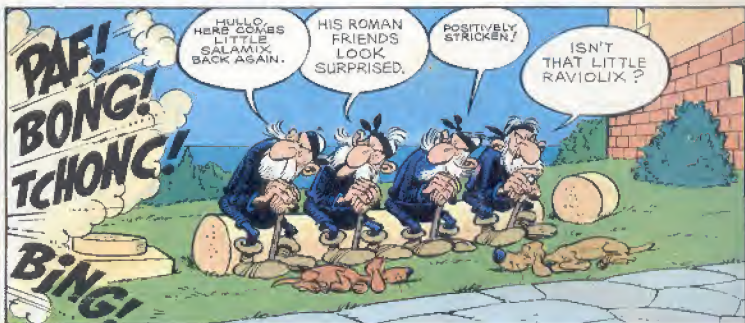
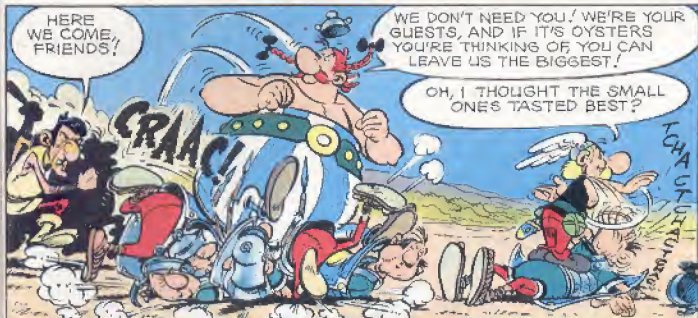
**LET'S GO!  
WE CAN SORT  
IT ALL  
OUT LATER!**



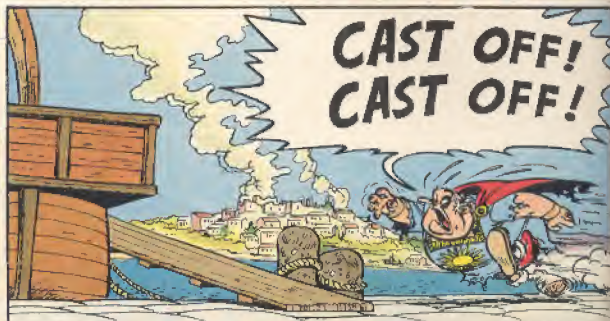
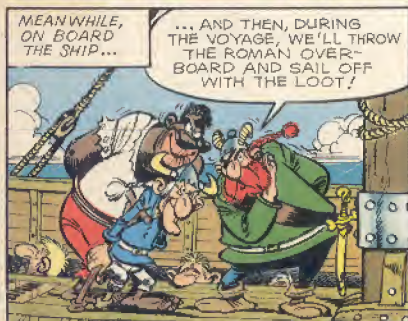
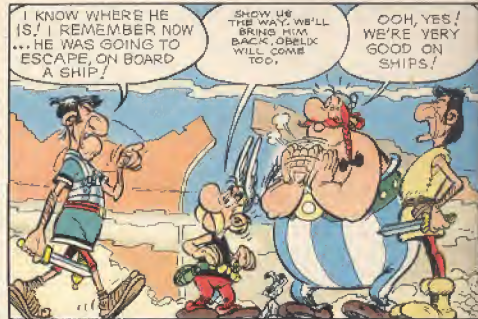














AFTER A BRIEF  
BUT VIOLENT  
EPISODE...

WELL,  
DO WE CAST  
OFF?

NO POINT  
CASTING PEARLS  
BEFORE SWINE  
NOW...

IS THAT  
MEANT TO HAVE  
US IN STITCHES?  
CAPTAIN, WITH  
DUE RESPECT, YOU'RE  
A SILLY  
KNIT.



PRETOR, WE WILL  
ALLOW YOU AND YOUR  
MEN TO LIVE, SO THAT  
YOU CAN TELL  
CAESAR WHAT YOU  
HAVE SEEN!

WE SHALL RECOVER ALL  
YOU HAVE STOLEN FROM  
YOUR WAREHOUSES, AND  
LET THAT BE A LESSON TO  
YOUR MASTER!

JULIUS  
CAESAR WILL  
HAVE HIS  
REVENGE!

TELL CAESAR THAT, NO  
MATTER WHAT HIS AMBITIONS,  
HE WILL NEVER  
RULE US...

THE PEOPLE OF CORSICA  
WILL NEVER ACCEPT AN  
EMPEROR UNLESS HE  
IS A CORSICAN  
HIMSELF! GO!

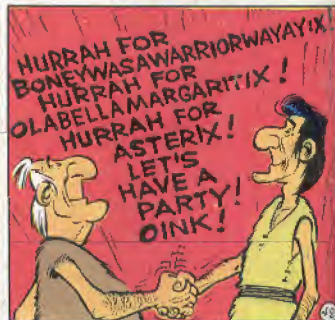
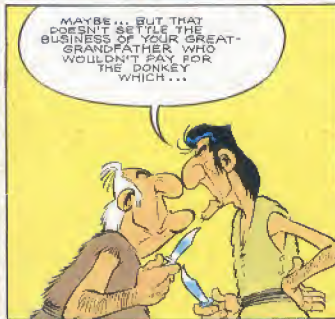
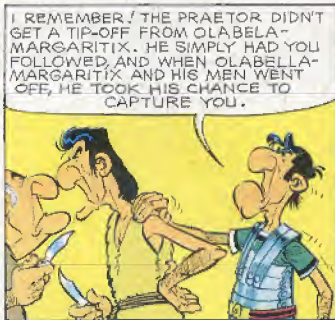
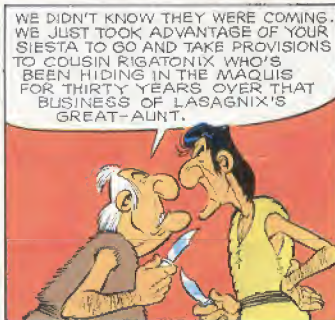
THAT'S  
RIGHT!  
OINK!

THREE  
CHEERS!

NOW HOW ABOUT A  
FEW  
EXPLANATIONS,  
BONEYWAGAWARRIORWAYAYIX?

YES,  
OLABELLA-  
MARGARITIX!









BEATING THE ROMANS IS NOTHING, BUT SETTLING A VENDETTA BETWEEN TWO CLANS IS AN AMAZING FEAT!

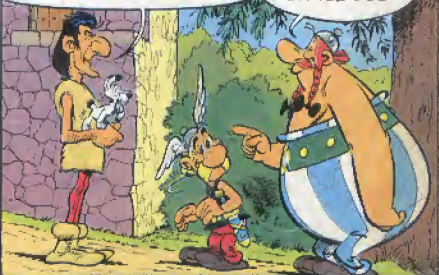


SUCH POINTLESS FEUDS WILL NEVER EXIST IN CORSICA AGAIN!



WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE AS A PRESENT FROM CORSICA?

THAT DEAR LITTLE DOG.



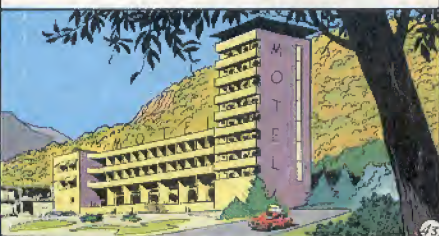
WE AND COUSIN LASAGNIX WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHERE YOUR COUSIN RIGATONIX IS. WE WANT A WORD WITH HIM.

I'M NOT SAYING, SPAGHETTIX.

YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THIS, OLABELLA MARGARITIX.



WE MAY NOTE IN PASSING THAT, AS A RESULT OF THIS RATHER COMPLICATED MATTER, ONE OF THE DESCENDANTS OF THE OLABELLAMARGARITIX CLAN WAS FOUND LAST YEAR BY THE POLICE, HIDING IN THE MAQUIS BEHIND A MOTEL.





**HERE THEY  
COME! THEY'RE  
BACK!**



WELL, BOYS,  
WAS IT NICE  
IN CORSICA?



IT WAS FINE,  
NICE PLACE THEY'VE  
GOT THERE. MOUNTAINS,  
FORESTS, MOUNTAIN  
STREAMS, MAQUIS...

AND SOME  
INTERESTING ROMAN  
REMAINS, DATING  
FROM THE TIME OF  
OUR VISIT.



AND THERE WERE  
SOME VERY NICE PIGS,  
AND DOGMATIX  
MADE LOTS OF  
FRIENDS...



DIDN'T YOU,  
DOGMATIX?



AS USUAL, OUR FRIENDS' RETURN  
IS THE EXCUSE FOR A BANQUET  
HELD UNDER THE STARS...AND WE  
MAY NOTE THAT EACH OF THEIR  
JOURNEYS ENRICHES THE  
TRAVELLERS' EXPERIENCE,  
SINCE THEY ADOPT SOME  
OF THE MORE PLEASANT  
CUSTOMS OF THE COUNTRIES  
THEY HAVE VISITED.



**THE  
END**

UDERZO  
&  
GOSCINIY

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